Daily Ardmoreite.

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Ardmore, I.T

THE prisoner in Pennsylvania's western penitentiary who attempted suicide by eating pounded glass must have had a sincere and genuine desire to get out.

CHANCELLOR VON CAPRIVI knows more about journalism now than he did a few days ago. He learned it by bringing a libel suit, and had it impressed by losing the suit.

JUST how congress will next provide for Chinese registration is uncertain. It seems to be settled, however, that Sing Wah will not be called upon, officially, to face the camera.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that Corbett and Mitchell will fight after all, but are still at a loss for a place. If they would consent to fight in a balloon, the defeated to be thrown out and the victor to be cut loose, they would notice immediate lessening of public disfavor.

UMBRELLA stealing is said to be of frequent occurrence in St. Paul's cathedral in London. It has actually been found necessary to post up a notice warning people against umbrella thieves and the presence of a detective in the cathedral has been found desirable.

THE recall of the surgeons of the United States marine hospital service who have been stationed at the principal European ports to guard against the departure of pest-laden vessels for American ports marks the end of the cholera scare, so far as this country is concerned, for the present season. It has been a well managed service, and has been of inestimable value to us. It is to be hoped that it may be made so far permanent as the perfect safeguarding of our ports demands.

GREAT men are usually said to have great memories, but it does not follow that all who have great memories are great men. An idiot in Ohio was a great curiosity many years ago. He knew the whole bible by heart from beginning to end, and if any verse was read or repeated to him he could tell exactly in what book and chapter it was to be found, and its verse number in the chapter. He was considered a great marvel in this particular, but in every other he was a mental imbecile, and could not be trusted even to feed himself.

WILLIE WALDORF ASTOR says that, "Although the Valkyrie did not win, she has crossed the Atlantic, and that is more than the Vigilant will ever do." Well, the Vigilant doesn't have to. The America crossed the Atlantic a great many years ago and brought back the cup with her. The English yachts have ever since been imitating the army that marched up the hill and then marched down again. When they get that cup back it will be time, and not till then, for an American yacht to cross the Atlantic again. And when one does she will not go in vain, nor return with colors at half-mast.

THE report that the czar of Russia will abdicate and spend one or two years in the United States studying our government and people is one of the strangest that has lately been set afloat. No doubt the czar is heartily tired of the dangers to which he is exposed, but if he comes to this country there are many of his former subjects here who were expelled from their homes. He may wish, should he come here, that he had not been so cruel to the thousands who have found refuge here. But in the free air of the United States, the most violent Anarchists in Europe lose part of their old ferocity. He would probably not be plotted against in private life. It is reported that the youngest son of the czar is to be acting czar during the absence of his father.

THE bumptiousness of every young man when they first begin to feel the fuzzy down on their chins as a sign of coming manhood has become a proverb. It hardly ever had better illustration than in the action of the boys of the Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn. The girls have been admitted to equal privileges in education with these young men. Instead of accepting this as a matter of course, or rather feeling themselves privileged to enter a contest with those who should call out their best chivalrous impulses, these young men feel aggrieved, and have formed a society to boycott the lady students. This is much too ridiculous to be regarded seriously even by those boycotted. If a college rule had prescribed that girls and boys avoid each other's society, it could hardly be enforced through a college term, let alone a four year's course. Before another year these students will learn enough of the etymology of boycott to know that the word cannot be made to apply to girls.

THE majestic shade of Christopher Columbus may now rest for a hundred years. In the meantime, if a new holiday is wanted why should not the anniversary of his great discovery be regularly celebrated?

THE savage lion that got loose in a New York barn was finally literally clubbed back into his cage by the brave showmen. Strange to say, not one New York policeman seemed ambitious to become famous by practicing with his "billy" upon the clubable king of beasts.

TWO OLD FOOLS.

COLONEL Beebe's hat lay on the piazza floor, and Colonel Beebe himself, his long, thin legs hanging from the hammock, was enjoying indolently his Henry Clay while he debated whether he should go over to see the major now, or wait until it was cooler. He had just decided in favor of waiting, when he heard a trampling from the side of the house.

For a moment he gave it little attention. Then the long-drawn bay of a hound came to his ears. The colonel's feet dropped to the floor and his head was raised. Another howl from the invisible hound, and he pulled himself to his feet, picked up his hat and turned down the low stone steps in the direction of the sound.

As he came around the corner of the house there was a sudden crunching of the gravel on the driveway, a bellow of mingled fear and anger, and the colonel was knocked flat by a yearling heifer, which, snorting its surprise, trailed across the grass-plot, hotly pursued by the colonel's hound.

The colonel quickly scrambled to his feet, indulged in an appropriate amount of profanity and looked about for the cause of his downfall. He saw the heifer and the hound. The pursued was making at top speed for a gap in the stake-and-rider fence, where the crushed rails showed that its head and feet had been at work. As his eye fell upon the broken fence, he again indulged in some highly-flavored remarks, and followed them with an encouraging yell to the hound. Inspired by this, the dog promptly bit the heifer in the flank, nearly tumbling it over in the gap of the fence and drawing from it a cry of distress. The colonel dashed forward to urge on the hound, but just as he reached the fence there was a shot from the bushes, and the hound came scurrying back, its tail between its legs. At almost the same instant a long-legged man emerged from behind a tree-trunk a little way off and ran forward, all the while endeavoring to pour powder and shot into the barrel of the gun which he carried.

At the fence-gap he confronted Colonel Beebe. There was a mutual start as the men recognized each other. Then the colonel recovered himself. "Major Hawkins!" he broke out; "I believe you have shot my hound?"

"I have done that very thing!" returned the major with decision. "And let me add, sah, that I shall repeat the performance every time that brute of yours chases my cattle!"

The major and he were old cronies, and, though both were hot-blooded, they had never had a serious falling-out, and the colonel tried hard to restrain his temper. But this was the third time that the major's heifer had broken down the fence separating the properties and made havoc with the colonel's garden. The latter felt that patience well nigh had ceased to be a virtue, particularly now in view of the major's threats.

"Major Hawkins!" he began, and there was a significance in the use of the title; "I have no wish to foment any trouble; but most positively I shall not allow that 'cattle' of yours on my place again. See that she is kept off, please! As to shooting my dog, sah; that is a matter which only an apology from you can recompense me for, and I trust you will render me one immediately?"

"I will do nothing of the kind! The best thing you can do is to shoot your whelp, and save me the trouble of doing so!" and the major tapped his gun suggestively.

"Then all I can say," came slowly from the colonel's lips, "is that you are no gentleman!"

The major started as if he had been stung. For the instant he did not realize the import of the words. Then a dull flush crept into his cheeks, usually very sallow, and he said concisely: "You are a liar, sah!"

The fatal words were spoken. The color leaped into the Colonel's face, and the major's flush grew deeper while his eyes returned the flash in those of the other. The two faced each other in silence for a moment. Each was so taken aback that for the instant the insult of the other could find no adequate return in speech.

Then the colonel drew himself up and said icily:

"You can understand that this means only one thing?"

The major replied with the slightest of bows.

"I have a pair of pistols at my house," continued the colonel. "With your permission I will send for them. The sooner this is settled, the better."

The major inclined his head a trifle, and the other turned and called: "Israel! Israel!"

There was no reply, and again he raised his voice. This time there was an answering call and a shuffling of feet, which gradually became more distinct. A little later a white-haired old darkey came into view.

"D'yo call, marse kunn'l? he asked, stopping at the edge of the bushes and scraping with one foot while he fingered a battered straw hat.

"Yes," said the colonel. "You know those pistols of mine in my dressing-case? Fetch them to me!"

"Yo dewelin pistols?"

"Yes. Be quick!"

The darkey looked at the men in turn. He noted the attitude of each and the look in their faces.

"Yo' ain't goin' t' fight, marse?" he ventured anxiously, not moving.

"That's none of your business, you rascal!" thundered the colonel. "Go!"

An instant the darkey stood, nervously playing with his hat-brim. Then he turned and moved away.

The two men did not look at each other. Somehow they disliked to. The major stood his gun against the fence, and took a long time to arrange it to his liking. The colonel stripped the leaves from a twig he broke from a bush. Each had his back toward the other. The minutes went by. But at last there was a slow step, and Israel came up. He came reluctantly, as if he hoped that time would cause them to change their minds. He looked hopefully at them; but saw no encouragement. Both the colonel and the major appeared as coolly determined as could be, though the color had gone from their cheeks.

Israel could not prevent a deep sigh of despair, which the colonel heard. "Shut up, you black imp!" he muttered savagely. "Give me those pistols!" "Will the grove suit you?" he asked, turning toward the major.

"Perfectly," said the latter and the three took up their way, the colonel leading, the major next and Israel, at his master's command, bringing up the rear and dragging his feet as though they were weighted. A few minutes of walking, and they came to a small open space surrounded by trees. The colonel halted and faced about.

"Will this do?" he asked.

"Yes," said the major simply.

"There is no advantage in position, I believe. The sun shines across the glade?

"None!"

"But we had better toss for positions anyhow," said the colonel, and he deftly flipped a coin into the air. The major called "heads;" and "heads" it was.

"I will take the southern end," he said. The colonel bowed acquiescence.

"I presume you will be satisfied if Israel attends to the loading?" the colonel remarked. "He has done it before!"—with the slightest of smiles.

"Quite!" returned the major, ignoring the last words.

"Then, Israel, load those pistols, and do it carefully!" commanded the colonel. "Do you hear me?" as the darkey stood gaping at him with a terror-stricken face.

"Yes, marse!" mumbled Israel, picking up the weapons mechanically. He moved over to a nearby stump, and for a minute sat motionless with the pistols in his lap. The colonel's thunderous tones brought him to movement. He glanced at the two men standing stiffly at some distance from each other. Then suddenly he began to load one of the pistols. The colonel, seeing him proceeding with the task, turned to the major.

"Ten paces?" he asked.

The major nodded, and the other was irritated more than ever by his silence—but he went on. "We will put the pieces under the nigger's hat. Then we will draw them! Are you

ONE! COUNTED ISRAEL.

agreed?" He clipped off his words as he continued, "Israel will count. On the 'three,' we will fire?"

This time the major vouchsafed agreement in words.

A minute more and Israel came forward slowly with the pistols, one in either hand. At the colonel's order, he laid them on a fallen tree-trunk and placed his hat over them. The major drew one; his opponent took the other.

The two men took position back to back, and then moved away five paces and wheeled about so as to face each other.

"Israel," said the colonel a bit huskily, "Count one, two, three, and if I am killed, see that I am decently buried!"

The major winced perceptibly at this last order; but the next instant was as calm and his face as impassive as ever. Both men raised their pistol-arms, and, strange to say, there was at least a momentary tremor of the hands and a nervous twitching of the lips as they looked into each other's eyes.

"One!" counted Israel. The pistols steadied and came into line with the breasts of the men.

"Two!" Israel pronounced the word distinctly, so that it cut sharply on the sense of hearing.

An instant's pause, then: "Three!" The pistols cracked together, and a cloud of blue smoke curtained the men and then drifted lazily before the slight draught of air.

The colonel as erect as ever, quickly bent to one side and peered past the smoke at his opponent. His eyes fell upon the major, apparently untouched also. For a moment neither spoke; but there was a flash of joy in the face of each, as quickly succeeded by one of seeming mortification. The major stepped forward.

"That was an inexcusable miss of yours, Colonel Beebe!" he exclaimed.

"No worse than yours, Major Hawkins!" retorted the colonel. "Ten paces and a good light! You should have hit to a certainty!"

"The trigger of this confounded pistol pulled too hard!" explained the major with haste.

"And that d—— nigger of mine startled me by jumping just as we fired," returned the colonel.

The colonel thought he heard a smothered laugh at this. He turned like a flash upon the darkey, a sudden suspicion coming to him.

"Israel, you d—— nigger!" he fairly shouted; "what was the matter with the loading of those pistols? There was something wrong! Confess it, you black rascal!"

"Oh, marse kunn'l, don't be killing dis po' nigger; but I didn't put no balls in dose pistils! I didn't want de major and yo' a killin' each oder!"

"I've a good mind to horsewhip you within an inch of your life——!" began the colonel.

"But you won't!" broke in the major.

Then the colonel looked at the major, and the major at the colonel. A smile appeared on the former's lips and the latter returned it. A moment more, and the colonel extended his hand impulsively. The major advanced and grasped it firmly.

They stood there, holding each other's hands for an instant, and then the major observed slowly and emphatically, as if he were stating an indisputable fact which he had just discovered:

"Beebe, I think we're two old fools!"

"I quite agree with you," returned the colonel quite as positively and, as if by one impulse, the two locked arms and walked off.

Israel stood watching them for a minute. Then he picked up the pistols and remarked sagely, but with just the slightest of quivers in his voice: "A coupl' o' ole fools!"

TWOFERS AND ONEFERS.

The Hard Times Do Not Bother a New Jersey Store Keeper.

While riding on horseback along a lonely Jersey road about ten miles back of Lake Hopatcong one day last week I approached a small hamlet of some half dozen houses and a general store. I was tired, hungry and thirsty and determined to apply at the store for something in the way of refreshment.

I stopped my horse, dismounted, and, ascending the steps leading to the store, found the door locked. Peering in through a window, however, I saw the proprietor evidently stretched out on some sacks of flour fast asleep.

"Hey, there!" I shouted, pounding and kicking at the door. There was a sound of shuffling feet, and soon the door was swung slowly open. An apparition in jeans trousers, tucked into his boots, hickory shirt and a battered straw hat appeared in the doorway and wanted to know who was "makin' all that air rumpus, anyhow."

"Are you the proprietor?" I asked.

"I be," he replied.

"Well," said I, "do you keep anything to eat or drink in your place?"

The apparition eyed me closely, as if he suspected me of having sinister designs on his establishment. Then he replied:

"Well, as for anything to drink, you'll have to go to the pump in the back yard. That's all we gets to drink around these parts, 'cept, of course a little hard cider once in a while, but it's most too early for that. Something to eat? Well, I don't keep much on hand that you could eat, barrin' a side o' bacon or a hunk o' salt codfish; but—" with sudden inspiration, "I've got some peppermint candy you might like to try."

"Never mind that," I said. "Do you keep cigars?"

"Of course I do," he answered, "and fine ones, too. How many'll you have?"

"Oh, a couple," I said carelessly, selecting that number from a box he offered me. "What are these?"

"Those," said the apparition, swelling with pride, "are the very best twofers you can buy for miles around."

"Twofers?" I repeated, as I lit one of them and tried in vain to make it draw.

"Yes, twofers—two for five cents. You see, I used to keep onefers, but the boys around here thought they were too expensive, so—"

"That will do," I said, somewhat testily, tossing a dime on the counter as I turned to leave the place.

"It does beat old Sam Patch, the airs of some of them city folks," I heard him mutter as I mounted my horse and rode off. On looking back I saw him close the door, no doubt to resume his interrupted nap.

There's one merchant, at least, I thought, who doesn't allow the present business depression to work him much.

In Honor of a Foreign Deity.

The Serapeum (or Serapion) was an ancient edifice of Alexandria, Egypt, founded by Ptolemy Soter in honor of Serapis, a foreign deity, to whom he created a statue. It was the last stronghold of the pagans in Alexandria, and was besieged by the Christians and zealously defended by the pagans, A. D. 389, when Theodosius put an end to the conflict by an imperial order that the idols of Alexandria should be destroyed. According to some ancient writers Pompey's pillar is a relic of this magnificent building. Three hundred thousand volumes of the 700,000 of which the Alexandrian library consisted were in the Serapeum.

Life of Paris Shop Girls.

A Paris shop girl ordinarily begins at a salary of from $5 to $8 a month. Besides she invariably has a commission on her sales, varying from one-half to one per cent, according to her success. Many receive as high as $30 a month in salary and make much more in commissions. Retail selling is the great business of all Paris, but the better places are hard to get and require almost as much pushing and influence as to obtain a government position in America. The most attractive girls will always stand the best chance at the first and many keep their places on the strength of their good looks.

She Stole Her Trousseau.

A young woman of Paris was found locked up in a police station on her wedding morning by the man who came up from the provinces to marry her. She had stolen the trousseau of a wealthy young woman which had been sent to her to have the initials embroidered in it.

A Good Investment.

"Now Mrs. Bronson," said the broker, "how shall we invest this money for you?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "What do you think of those fluctuating stocks? I understand a great deal of money is made in them."—Harper's Bazar.

The Trouble.

Willie Slimson—We don't go to that grocer you have any more.

Mrs. Kingley—What was the matter, Willie? Couldn't your mother stand him?

Willie Slimson—She says she couldn't stand him off.

THE FARM AND HOME.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW WAY OF SETTING MILK.

A Successful Woman's Method of Ripening Cream—A Mistake About Gardens—Advantages of Geese and Ducks—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

A Woman's Way.

Mrs. E. M. Jones of Canada is still in love with the old way of setting milk—the long rows of shining pans in the cool, quiet dairy—and she declares that she has made just as good butter by shallow setting as by deep setting, when everything was all right. But the trouble is that everything is not always all right. She found, as everybody found, that she could not control the surroundings, and so she took to the creamery which bids defiance to surroundings. But when the cream is drawn off you are again at the mercy of the atmosphere, and now you must keep your wits about you, for here is where much trouble creeps in. Stir your can thoroughly down to the bottom, twice a day, or every time fresh cream is added, and keep it as cool as you possibly can (but on no account freeze it) till you have sufficient for a churning. Now, you must raise it in summer to sixty degrees, in winter to sixty-two to sixty-five, according to the temperature of the room you churn in.

Some people do this by putting the can near the kitchen stove, and then the butter is ruined before it goes into the churn. The side next the stove will be ever so much too hot, oily and greasy, while the other side is too cool, and the cream will absorb every odor of cooking and kitchen, to re-appear in the butter and tell the tale of ignorance or carelessness. There is but one way to temper cream properly, and that is in a hot water bath. Have a larger can than the cream can, and have ready a long wooden paddle, a common thermometer and a clean towel. Fill the larger can about half full of hot water (but not boiling), then set in the cream can, and instantly begin stirring constantly with the paddle, so none of the cream next the tin will get over-heated. The water must raise as high as the cream does, so all will be equally heated. Have a light wire attached to your thermometer and lower it to the middle of your cream can occasionally. Hold it there a few moments, then take out and wipe quickly, so as to clear the glass. The moment the cream is of the right temperature, lift out the can, stir for a few moments longer, cover with a clean towel, and put where it will remain at exactly the same temperature till fit to churn. Of this fitness much has been said or written, while the truth is only experience can decide. Twenty-four hours has been fixed as the right time, but it is often more and often less.

A Mistake About Gardens.

The chief mistake that farmers make in their gardens is in not rendering the soil sufficiently rich. They seem to think that ground that produces a fair crop of corn, potatoes or beans will produce a large yield of garden vegetables, of the quality of those seen in city markets. Such, however, is not the case. Cabbage, cauliflower, tomatoes, lettuce, egg plants, cucumbers and all kinds of esculent roots are very heavy feeders. They require for their growth more and richer plant food than any field crops do and they soon take from the soil all the natural fertility it contains.

The richer the soil of the garden is the larger will be the yield of vegetables and the better their quality. Quickness of growth is essential to good quality in most garden vegetables. A radish which attains a size suitable for the table in three weeks is crisp, juicy and tender. But one that is six weeks attaining the size is tough and stringy. The like is substantially true in relation to all kinds of esculent roots and vegetables that are valuable for their leaves or stalks. Lettuce, cress, and asparagus must be quickly grown in order to be of good quality. The same is true of peas, beans, cucumbers and summer squash. Many vegetables are of no value for the table unless they are grown quickly.

Farmers should learn from market gardeners how to use manure on land devoted to the production of vegetables. The latter regard the soil as little else than a material for holding the fertilizers that are obtained and applied to it. A market garden near any of our large cities looks in the early part of the spring like a bed of stable manure. Not unfrequently commercial fertilizers are used in addition to the liberal supply of manure. As the market gardener manures so he harvests. He raises from one square rod of land more vegetables than a farmer does from five times that amount.

Geese and Ducks.

There are two advantages with these two classes of poultry over chickens and turkeys, they are less liable to disease and are less trouble to look after. After the geese and ducks get reasonably well feathered they can be turned out into a good pasture, and if there is plenty of water they will need very little attention at least until cold weather. It takes a good breed of layers for a hen to lay more eggs than a good Pekin duck, and if well sheltered and fed they will commence laying the latter part of January, and will lay all the rest of the winter and the early spring and will usually take a second spell the latter part of the summer. To make the most of both ducks and geese it is necessary to pick their feathers regularly, commencing as soon as they are through laying in the spring. The feathers should be picked regularly all the summer until reasonably cold weather in the fall. A sufficient amount of feathers can readily be secured to pay for their keep, so that the eggs and increase may be considered as profit.

With geese especially, after the number it is desired to keep is secured, nearly or quite all the younger fowls may be marketed as soon as they have made a sufficient growth, as the old fowls may be kept a number of years without change, and will give fully as good if not better results than the younger ones. Ducks can hardly be kept so long, but should be sold when five years old at least. This gives in both cases the young fowls to market, and they will sell better and can be made ready for market at a less cost than the older or more matured ones. With ducks, until the desired number is secured, it is a good plan to sell the early hatched and keep the later.

But it is best to keep good stock in making a start, and it will cost but little more to secure good fowls. The Pekin is one of the best breeds of ducks, while the Embden is one of the best breeds of geese. One advantage with both of them is that the feathers are white and will sell to better advantage. The Toulouse geese are a good breed, but the feathers are dark colored. The Aylesbury is a good breed of ducks, but are not quite as large as the Pekin. Geese will come nearer living on pasturage and taking care of themselves than any other class of poultry.

Too much grain is rather a detriment than a benefit, and should only be given heavily when fattened for the market. Bulky food is much more desirable and will give much better results in every way during growth. During the winter they need a shelter, and during what may be termed the laying season it is best to pen at night in order to make sure of the egg, but otherwise the better plan is to give them a good range in a pasture well supplied with water.—Colman's Rural World.

Farm Notes.

It is no more important to know how to grow fruit than to know how to gather, pack and market.

The feathers of the Pekin duck and of the Embden goose are white and always sell for the best price.

Eggs sell and poultry sells even when times are hard. The poultry yard is a bank that never closes.

Oyster shells can be broken up by putting them in a bag and hammering them, but it will spoil the bag.

It is not good taste to use a $40 saddle on a $20 horse. Better improve the horse if you have to use a $5 saddle.

It is not necessarily the biggest crop of fruit that is the most profitable. The quality is a very important factor.

The man with a small farm is much happier and prosperous than the one with a large farm for which he is heavily in debt.

Keep a supply of buckles, rivets, etc., on hand to repair harness. By making repairs in time much time and money may be saved.

Experience is a good school but a man can by reading the experiences of others be greatly benefited in advance of his own experience.

One of the best qualities of the dairy cow is lacking if she is not gentle. Gentle treatment is the best way to secure gentleness in the cow.

Dry weather is frequently the cause of a crop failure. It would pay to consider the question of irrigation, on a small scale, for potatoes, etc. With arrangements for watering potatoes in a dry time failures would be much less frequent.

Home Hints.

Dredging a little flour over the top of a cake will keep the icing from running.

In beating whites of eggs for meringue or frosting do not add the sugar until the egg is stiff.

To keep cake from sticking to the pan dredge the inside of the pan with flour after buttering it, shake off all that will fall, and pour in the dough.

If tea be ground like coffee or crusned immediately before hot water is poured upon it it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served heat the blade of the bread knife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.

Almost anything that is made with baking powder can be raised quite as well with sour milk or buttermilk and soda, allowing one even teaspoonful of soda to a pint of milk.

If through any blunder in cleaning a fowl the gall or other entrails are bursted the taint which affects the meat may be easily removed by soaking for half an hour in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved.

Never place one breaded article on another when drying or frying. When ready to fry shake off loose crumbs. Place in a wire basket, being careful not to crowd. Fish, meat, croquettes, etc., when dry after breading, can be placed in the refrigerator until the time for frying. They will keep for twelve hours or longer.

In putting up preserves for small families use pint bowls occasionally. A bowl of ripe preserves or jam is just a nice quantity to put upon the table or to make a pie or a dozen little tarts. By putting up the pints in these small bowls there will be no worry when it is opened lest the remainder spoil; no forcing it upon the table for a second or third day in succession to "get it eaten up."